



# QUIPS OF THE FUNNY PEOPLE.



## A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative cook): "Are you the mistress of this house, I should like to know?"  
Cook: "No, ma'am, I ain't—but—"  
Mistress (triumphantly): "Then don't talk like an idiot!"—Punch.



## A BORN STRATEGIST.

Tommy's Mother: "Why, you have got your ribbon on the wrong arm, Tommy."  
Tommy (who has been recently vaccinated): "Ah, mummy, you don't know the boys at my school!"—Punch.



## MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Professor Darwin de Simian: "Well, my little girl, do you remember me?"  
Elsie: "Oh, yes, wasn't it jolly? And you tried to pull mummy's bonnet through the bars, and I gave you such a nice bun on the end of a stick, and all your bruvvers wanted to get it away from you, and—(Here mummy comes into the plot and stays further disclosures).—Moonshine.



## AT BRIDGE.

Miss Debonhair: "Oh, I am so lucky, Mr. Speckley! Only fancy, I've just won \$5 from Mr. Goldflake."  
Mr. Speckley: "But I thought you lost \$5 to Desborough."  
Miss Debonhair: "Oh, yes; but surely he'll never be so mean as to want the money!"—Moonshine.



She (to her little dog): "Jump! Jump!"



He: "Certainly, my dear wife."

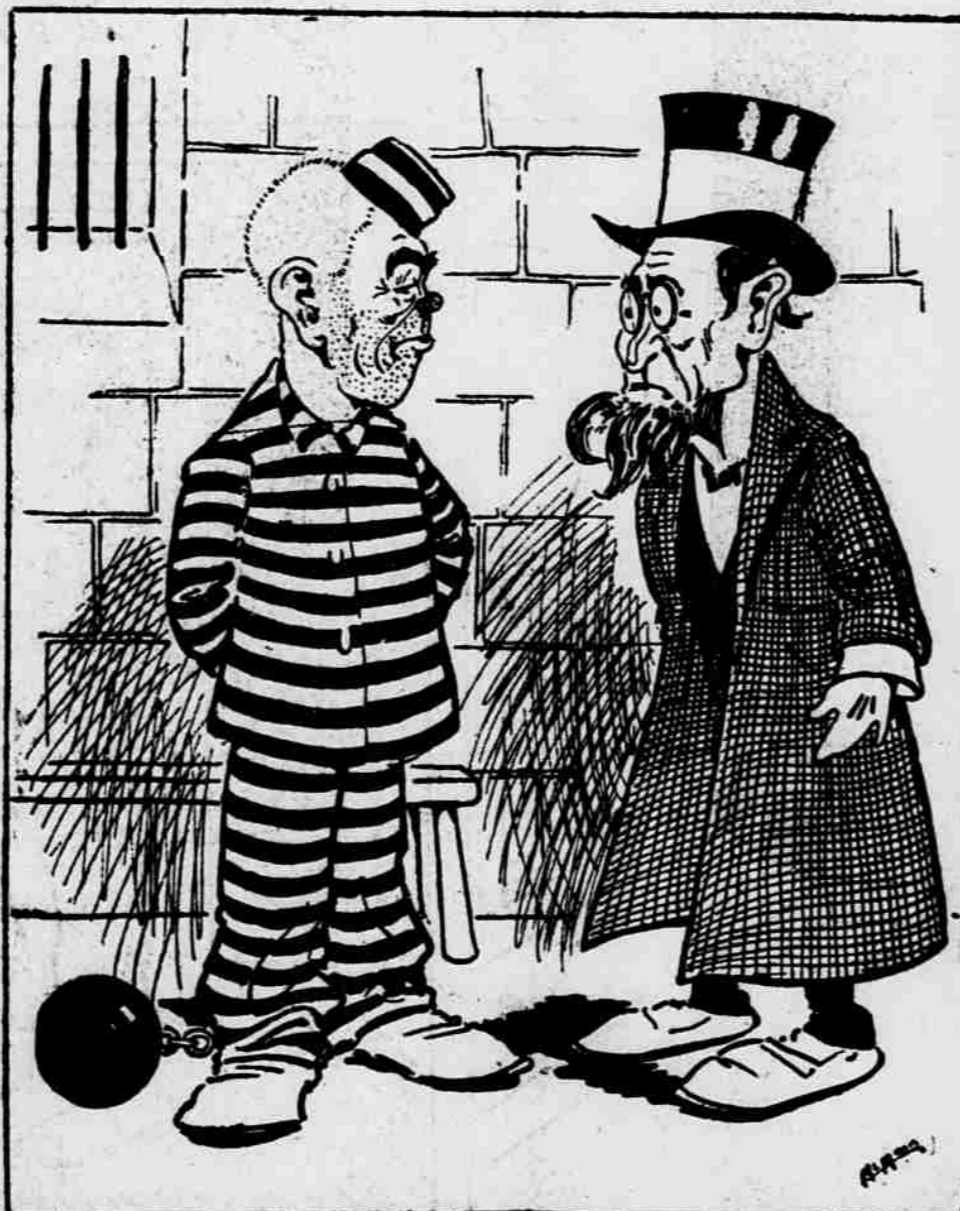


Papa (reading paper to mamma): "Man half killed in glove fight."  
Jessie: "Poor man! I wonder which half it was, Bobbie?"  
Bobbie: "Why, the top half, Silly. They musn't hit below the belt."—Punch.



## A GENUINE GRIEVANCE.

Mistress: "Well, James, what have you got to complain of now?"  
James: "Well, mum, that there dinner, mum, were starvation for three, not enough for two, and one could eat it!"—Moonshine.



## TO STAY.

"What are you here for?" inquired the visitor at the penitentiary. "For keeps," replied the convict, known as No. 1,167, with a mirthless laugh.—Chicago Tribune.

**Something Expected.**  
Ida: "You look nervous, dear."  
May: "Yes, I am sure Dick is going to propose when we get out on the links."  
Ida: "What makes you think so?"  
May: "Why, I heard Dick bribing the caddy to make out he was too sick to keep up with us."—Chicago News.

**Olco Manufacture.** "Do you guarantee this coloring matter to be absolutely harmless?"  
Dealer: "I do. It's the same kind we sell to the dairymen."—Chicago Tribune.

**Heard in London.**  
Reginald: "These beautiful Borms have such a provoking way of capturing our men's luggage."  
Albert: "Yes, that is one thing that kept me away from the field. Deuced pickle a chap would be in if he had his pajamas and evening clothes captured."—Chicago News.

**Causes for Wonderment.**  
"Is there much money in Bleau's office?"  
"No; hardly a living. It is a wonder it was not but under the classified service rules long ago."—Indianapolis News.

**His Worst Action.**  
Goodman Gonrong: "The thing I've always hated myself for was getting mad at a barkeep once and throwin' a glass of beer in his face. It didn't hurt 'im any, and it wasted the beer."—Chicago Tribune.

"The doctor told Dan to take a swallow of whisky whenever he had a dizzy spell."  
"Does it help him?"  
"Oh, yes; but it keeps him busy whirling around so he'll be dizzy."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



## ENTERTAINING.

"You want me to take part in the entertainment at the picnic next Sunday?"  
"Yes. Come on horseback. You will be great fun."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.



The Vicar: "Now, boys, what animal supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"  
First Boy (promptly): "Father!"—Moonshine.



Tommy (unwillingly studious, to favorite auntie, who considers "the dear boy so over-worked"): "Oh, auntie, I'm so bad!"  
Auntie (looking at her watch): "Where, dear?"  
Tommy: "In my French!"—Punch.